

## RUINOUS COMPANIONS.

## "CONSORT WITH BURGLARS AND YOU WILL BE A BURGLAR."

Dr. Talmage Makes Some New Remarks on an Old Subject—How Spendthrifts and Debauchees Are Made—Evil Wrought by the Skeptic.

BROOKLYN, June 2.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle today. After expounding the Scriptures he gave out that popular hymn by A. M. Toplady, beginning:

Your harp, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take.

He took for his text Prov. xiii, 20: "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." Following is a verbatim report of the sermon:

"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had anything to say before sentence of death was passed upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my ruin. I received the blessings of good parents, and, in return, promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame, and been free from the load of guilt that hangs round me like a culture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. I, who once moved in the first circles of society, and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost, and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that the companion of fools shall be destroyed. It is the inevitable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital, where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever, and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be apt to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions.

In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vice of all the cellmates, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society beards, not men.

## DO NOT SEEK BAD COMPANIONS.

We may, in our places of business, be compelled to talk to and mingle with bad men; but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah, whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth, and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Associate with gamblers, you will become a gambler. Gamble with burglars, and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean, and you will become unclean. Not appreciating the truth of my text, many a young man has been destroyed. He wakes up some morning in the great city, and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered.

As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The up-right young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then feel a delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young men of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere that he wishes to go—if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not, the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is to be paid for, or the champagne settled for, the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says: "I have forgotten my pocket book." In a forty-eight hours after the young man has entered the store, the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly, and, at his stupidity in taking certain allusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in," and they immediately proceed to break him in. Young man, in the name of God I warn you to beware how you let a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such an one slap you on the shoulder familiarly, turn round and give him a withering look, until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers will not wonder why I give warning to young men, and say: "Beware of bad company."

First, I warn you to shun the skeptic—the young man who puts his fingers in his eyes and laughs at your old fashioned religion, and turns over to some mystery of the Bible and says: "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that." And who says: "No body shall scare me; I am not afraid of the future; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over it, too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years, and the pillow of your old mother when she lay a-dying. Alas! a time will come when that blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of Death as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say: "I cannot die—I cannot die." Death, standing ready beside the couch, says: "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "what do I care for pictures—your soul." "Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I will not stand back," says Death, "for you have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face." You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God! "Hush," says Death; "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; "but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one—two—three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out—out, and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast the Christian religion. They died singing, but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room."

## THE MAN WHO DOES NOTHING IS WORTH NOTHING.

Again, I urge you to shun the companion-ship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office, and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away, and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have

no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the club rooms of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with the idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely: "What do you do for a living?" If he says: "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand, and very faultless apparel, and have a high sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterwards your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shoplifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in among busy clerks or in the busy carriage factory, but they go among the groups of idlers. The play is going on at the theatre, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying: "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow has raked together a shilling or two to get into the top gallery. He is an idler. The man on his right hand is an idler, and the man on his left hand is an idler.

Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others, if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green, at more than eighty years of age, was found busy writing, and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." He answered: "I keep busy to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough to be idle. Are you fond of pictures? If so, I will show you one of the works of an old master. Here it is: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep, so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of a more explosive than that. It first hisses softly, like the fuse of a cannon, and at last bursts like a fifty-four pounder. The old proverb was right: "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

## BREAD THAT IS CAST UPON THE WATERS.

A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the younger to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat lustiest fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

Again, I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recreation and amusement. I need it as much as I need bread, and go to my daily exercise with as conscientious a purpose as I go to the Lord's Supper; and all persons of sanguine temperament must have amusement and recreation. God would not have made us with the capacity to laugh if he had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God hath hung in sky, and set in wave, and printed on grass many a roundelay, but he who chooses pleasure seeking for his life work does not understand what God made him. Our amusement is intended to help us in some earnest mission. The thunder cloud hath an edge exquisitely purpled, but, with voice that jars the earth, it declares: "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make a beautiful edge for the wheat field, and to refresh the husbandmen in their toiling." The stream sparkles and foams and frolics, and says: "I go to baptize the corn. I have the spuds on the trout. I slake the thirst of the birds. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradle muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage as from my ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscles and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in muscular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it their life occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht on the Hudson or the Schuylkill. There are men whose business is to sail through the ice of the skating pond, and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat, in the song of skates, in the soaring of a well struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands to catch it; and so, far from laying an injunction upon ball playing, or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the grand industries of church and state.

## LASTEN NOT TO THE TEMPTER'S VOICE.

But the life business of pleasure seeking always makes in the end a criminal upon a George Brummell was smitten upon by all England, and his life was given to pleasure. He danced with poeemes, and swung a round of mirth, and wealth, and applause, until exhausted of purse, and worn out of body, and bankrupt of reputation, and ruined of soul, he begged a biscuit from a grocer, and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a man's.

Shun men who crowd around your desk or counter or work bench or seek to decoy you off. They will want you to break out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them to Coney Island or to Central park. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some excursion that you must take; of some Sabbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must take; of costly operas that you must hear; of wonderful dancers that you must see; but before you accept their convey or their companionship, remember that while at the end of a useful life you may be able to look back to kindness done, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Saviour's cause advanced—these pleasure seekers on their death bed have nothing better to review than a torn play bill, a ticket for the races, a empty tankard, and the last out rinds of a carousal; and in the delirium of their awful death they clutch the goblet, and press it to their lips, the dregs of the cup, falling upon their tongue, will begin

to hiss and uncoil with theadders of an eternal poison.

Cast out these men from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accented a Christian Quaker with: "Old chap, how did you make all your money?" The Quaker replied: "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt—civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say no as if you meant it. Have it understood in store, and shop, and street, that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idler, the pleasure seeker.

Rather than enter the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harp of heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters, and command the harp, and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are the blossoms of Paradise and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

Here are ways of pleasantness.

And all her paths are peace.

WHERE THE RIGHT ROAD LEADS TO.

Decide this soon, oh young man, what direction you will take. There comes such a moment of final decision—why not this? One night I saw a young man at the street corner evidently doubting as to which direction he had better take, his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead, and he had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home; I will spread my wing over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life's journey; I will protect you; I will bless every cup you drink out of, every step you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave to the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer, I have been sent of the Lord out of heaven to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel, in a voice of unearthly sympathy. It was music like that which drops from the lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it. "No, no," said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer; the wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal; the dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgence; there is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away, until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for, the good angel down, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at last. The bad angel leading the way opened gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came with a jar that indicated that it would never open. Passed each portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and the fountains, that at the start had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel: "What is that serpent?" and the answer was: "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that lion?" and the answer was: "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A culture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that culture?" and the answer was: "That is the culture waiting for the carcasses of the slain." And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel: "What is it that twists me in this awful convulsion?" and the answer was: "That is the worm that never dies." And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and you have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off of the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the street I gained my triumph; now you are here. Ha! ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of life, and drink together to darkness and woe and death. Ha! ha! Oh! young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment about you, contending for your destiny, as above the Appenines, eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God help you. To hesitate is to die!"

## A Pinch of Snuff.

In a crowded city street an ill natured mastiff seized a little dog by the throat and began viciously shaking him. A crowd soon gathered, and words and kicks failed to make the mastiff let go his hold. The little dog was howling piteously. At this juncture, when the lookers on were wondering what to do, a young man, exquisitely dressed, came along. He at once comprehended the situation.

"Leave him to me," he said; "I can manage him." There was an incredulous laugh from the crowd, and cries of "The dude's here!" "Think he's smart! He's not on us!" "Let the dude do the deed!" The young man drew from his pocket a silver snuff box, and held a pinch of snuff under the mastiff's nose.

The powder soon did its work. The big dog began sneezing vigorously, and of course had to open his mouth. He dropped the little dog and took to his heels, frightened and ashamed, his tail drooping like a whipped cur's.

The crowd broke into a round of applause; the young man smiled and went on his way.

## The Largest Island.

The largest island, and one frequently spoken of as a continent, is Australia. Its greatest length from east to west is 2,600 miles, and from north to south 1,950 miles. Its area in square miles is 2,984,378, or about the same as that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska. At the last census the population of the island, natives excluded, was 2,231,212. Australia has 7,000 miles of railway and 32,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines.—St. Louis Republic.

## Help Wanted.

For the benefit of the ladies who may have to pass through the common struggle of securing help, the COURIER will receive want advertisements for publication in the Daily Call want columns. Parties desiring help situations, boarders, or to rent rooms or rent houses can leave their advertisement at this office and they will be promptly delivered to the Call for publication. One cent a word per day is the expense.

Turn horses out in a good pasture for a few weeks, when they get in bad condition. If that can not be done use Dr. Cady's Condition Powder; they will put a horse in perfect health. A well horse does not need medicine. Hay, grain and good care is better. Dr. Cady's Condition Powder is a true horse medicine, (not a dope); they aid digestion, cure constipation, kidney disorders and distroy worms. Sold by A. L. Shadler, Druggist.

Welcome in his Old Age to Lorense Siebert Lorense Siebert at 815 Summit street, is one of two persons who drew one-twentieth of the ticket No. 10,430 in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. A reporter for the Blade called on him and asked him to tell about it. "We are all poor men, and I tell you there were three happy old men when we learned that we had \$5,000 to divide up. We got the money in a few days, through the express company, and I have put mine out at interest, to have something in my old age." Mr. Siebert is about 60 years old, his partner a middle aged man, and Mr. Haas is 84.—Toledo, Ohio, Blade.

Odell's dining hall, 21 tickets for \$4.00.

We can sell you a good shoe for less money than ever.

We are at the top in quantity and quality and at the bottom in prices.

Call at Webster & Rogers', at 1043 O street.

Telephone at the COURIER office is 353.

We have a large stock of Canopy top Surreys, Phaetons, light buggies, etc., on hand and are making very low prices on all our work. If you are contemplating the purchase of a carriage of any kind, come and see us. We will take your old buggy in exchange at its fair cash value. Camp Brothers, corner 10th and N.

Drive out to Cushman park Sunday and get one Brown's famous dinner.

White goods and French satens—H. R. Nissley & Co.

Buy your coal of the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co., and it will always be well screened, full weight, best quality and at right prices.

We have just received a full line of the Burt & Packard shoes at Webster & Rogers' 1043 O street.

For underwear, hosiery and kid gloves—H. R. Nissley & Co.

If the true merits of Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, were fully known by horse owners, they would prefer them to all other remedies for putting their horses in a fine, healthy condition. They cure constipation, loss of appetite, disordered kidneys, impure blood and all diseases requiring a good tonic, stimulant and alterative. Sold by A. L. Shadler, Drug gist.

Brown has secured the refreshment privilege at Cushman's park, and the public will be intelligently served by an experienced caterer.

Mr. H. B. Wynne, Whitesville, Tenn., recognizes Chamberlain's Pain Balm the finest medicine he has ever handled. He is an experienced druggist, and knows a good article and recommends Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, muscular aches and pains. It always helps the suffering. Give it a trial. Sold by A. L. Shadler, Druggist.

Exert every effort to eat at the leading resort in the city now. The price of 21 tickets now at Odell's is only \$4—reduced from \$4.50.

Call and look through the shoe department, at H. R. Nissley & Co.

Notice is hereby given by the clerk of the District Court of the Second Judicial District of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action of that name against Rebecca Schneider, et al, defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 25th day of June, A. D. 1889, at the front entrance to the District Court rooms in the City of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: The Northeast Quarter, (N E 1/4) Section No. Thirty (30), and the Northwest Quarter, Section Twenty-nine (29), all in Township Number Seven (7), North, in Range Number Six (6), East of the Sixth (6th) P. M. in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of May, A. D. 1889.

S. M. Malice, Sheriff.

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

To whom it may concern:

You are hereby notified that on Saturday, June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the store room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoln, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash, the following described property: All of the stock of goods, merchandise, furniture and fixtures now contained in the store room known as No. 121 South 12th Street, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, and every article of personal property belonging to William J. Price and contained and kept in said store room including all brands of cigars and tobacco.

Such sale will be made under and according to the terms of a chattel mortgage given by William J. Price to me, J. A. Hudeston, on the 11th day of May, 1888, bearing date of that day for record in the office of the County Clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 11th day of May, 1888, that said mortgage conveyed the property above described.

The said mortgage was given to secure the sum of \$200 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date until paid. Default has been made in the payment of said sum as in said mortgage provided and there is due to me and unpaid thereon this 24th day of May, 1889, the sum of \$200, and costs of foreclosure and \$100 attorneys fees as in said mortgage provided.

The said mortgage was given to secure the sum of \$200 with interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date until paid. Default has been made in the payment of said sum as in said mortgage provided and there is due to me and unpaid thereon this 24th day of May, 1889, the sum of \$200, and costs of foreclosure and \$100 attorneys fees as in said mortgage provided.

By TALBOT & BRYAN, J. A. HUDESTON, Attorneys.

Sale Under Chattel Mortgage.

To whom it may concern:

You are hereby notified that on Saturday, June 15th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the store room known as 121 South 12th Street, in Lincoln, Nebraska, I will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash the following described property: All of the stock of goods, merchandise, furniture and fixtures now contained in the store room known as No. 121 South 12th Street, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, said stock consisting principally of cigars, pipes, cigar boxes, tobacco, pipes, cigar and cigarette holders. The said fixtures and furniture consisting mainly of one Chicago Safe and Lock Co. safe, one standing desk, show cases, tables, chairs, etc. Said property situated in and mortgage intended to cover all chattels in said store room, 121 South 12th Street, subject to a mortgage for \$200 to J. A. Hudeston.

Such sale will be made under and according to the terms of a chattel mortgage given by William J. Price to S. Seligson on the 11th day of May, 1888, bearing date of that day and filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Lancaster county, Nebraska, on the 11th day of May, 1888, that said mortgage conveyed the property above described.

The said mortgage was given to secure the sum of \$200 and interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date until paid. Default has been made in the payment of said sum as in said mortgage provided and there is due to me and unpaid thereon this 24th day of May, 1889, the sum of \$200.00, and costs of foreclosure and \$100 attorneys fees as in said mortgage provided.

By TALBOT & BRYAN, J. A. HUDESTON, Attorneys.

**HARDWARE, STOVES**

—AND—

**TINWARE,**

**Leonard Refrigerators,**

**Hot Air Furnaces,**

**Van's Wrought Iron Ranges.**

**RUDGE & MORRIS.**

1122 N Street.

## SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We beg leave to inform our Lincoln patrons and the public in general that our importation of FINE

Novelties for Spring and Summer

Are now ready for inspection. We have a much larger and finer assortment than ever before. Call and see our latest novelties from London and Paris.

**Dress Suits a Specialty.**

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315 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

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ONLY GROUND FLOOR STUDIO IN THE CITY.

**FINE ART WORK.**

226 South Eleventh Street.

T. W. TOWNSEND, Proprietor.

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**PIANOS & ORGANS**

General western agents for the Steinway, Knabe, Chickering, Vose, Ernst, Gahler, Behr Bros., Newby & Evans, and Sterling.

Pianos marked in plain figures—prices always the lowest for the grade of pianos

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Omaha's Leading Hotel.

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Finest Hotel in the West

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G. W. HOLDREGE, Gen'l Mgr.,

J. FRANCIS, G. P. and T. A.,

OMAHA, NEB.

My superior advantages enable me to ticket to and from Europe at the lowest rates and to secure desirable cabins in advance of sailings. The generous patronage accorded me by prominent people of Omaha, Lincoln and other Nebraska cities attest the popularity of this office.

Information of all kinds pertaining to Railroad or Ocean Steamship Tickets promptly answered.

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